

cheerful also. "Mamma, I don't think that lady can be very sick, because she laughs!"

Can any one thoroughly "lose a sick room" who loves reading? Not merely the newspaper story or the last new novel, though these may be in their place. But a taste for reading will not rest satisfied in such limits. It will claim by the established right of its own importance and says, "The head is often weary, and the heart is often weak, but there are many precious moments known and appreciated only by those who have tried their value. And sickness brings one blessing in many. When other books fail to interest—when the nauseated brain can no longer extract pleasure from its volume, an ever-vibrating cordial, it is seldom, in hours of health, that we see is advertised."

For the National Era.
LABOR.

Labor is health! to the husband reaping, How through his veins goes the life current leaping; His strong arm, in strength and skill commanding, Thus makes the swift stalks yield!

Look to you Heaven for your reward, Then let me go to earth, and work!

Reap for good seed, be it ever so slow!

Cheerish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor all labor, is noble and holy—

Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

The brawny fingers of the wind Playing with hair!

Have a good lesson of thankfulness! Do not new bind us to tender human hearts? Yet, friend, may the day be long ere then I and again gently prisoned there.

An avow.

September 14, 1849.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 27, 1849.

"We call the attention of our friends to the following Prospectus of a new paper to be issued by Mrs. Bailey. Without further notice, she hope all who are interested in such a paper, will do what they can in the way of forwarding subscriptions.

**PROSPECTUS
OF
THE FRIEND OF YOUTH,
A MONTHLY NEWSPAPER.**

MRS. MARGARET L. BAILEY, EDITOR.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Friend of Youth will be issued on the first of every month, in quarto form, \$5 per year, in neat, well-bound, and tasteful embossed.

Our object will be to make the paper an attractive companion for Youth. While we please, we shall also issue from time to time, in a series, a series of articles on Natural History, Descriptions of Natural Scenery, Sketches of Travel, and Notices of New Books for children; we shall converse with them, in language adapted to their comprehension, about the important events of the present era. We know that it is not safe to mistake the talents or capacity of young people, when we suppose them to feel some interest in the world they live in, beyond the nursery, the school-room, and the play ground. It shall also be our care to interest them on all great subjects of science, and to bring them into contact with the best minds and Teachers, that shall receive our earnest advocacy. Teaching our readers to sympathize with the oppressed, and with the suffering, we hope to awaken in them a generous abhorrence of all wrong, and an earnest love and reverence for all that is just and pure; and, while inculcating the lessons of love to man, we earnestly urge the imperative obligations due to the great Father and Benefactor of all.

We hope to succeed in adapting our paper to all ages of youth; so that while the older brothers and sisters have a full share of our attention, the little ones shall not be forgotten. They are our special favorites, and shall be cared for second.

To secure variety of entertainment, we have engaged, as regular contributors to our columns, several well-known and distinguished writers, peculiarly qualified to minister to the wants of Youth. Among them, we are liberty to name T. S. Wentworth, D. E. Williams, &c.

In short, we hope to make the paper a "newspaper" in a young paper will be glad to see, and sorry to part with.

As this Prospectus may reach many of the former friends and patrons of the "Youth's Monthly Visiter," a paper which we established and edited for nearly three years, at Cincinnati, we would assure our old subscribers that the greater portion of the profits of the new paper will be devoted to the support of the Visiter.

The terms will be issued on the first of November.

The terms will be—cents a year for a single copy;

five copies for two dollars.

It is desirable that the names of subscribers be sent in with as little delay as possible.

All communications must addressed to Mrs. Margaret L. Bailey, Washington, D. C.

■■■■■ We have a very touching story from Martha Rusell, for the Era of next week.

■■■■■ We hope our readers will not pass over No. 2 of the series of articles on Metaphysics. It is a fine specimen of analysis, and the author completely knocks away the basis of a gross Materialism.

■■■■■ For our views of the New York re-unions, we refer to our article on the first page.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poems, which we intend to publish.

To the Rainbow.

Apostrophe to Mount Lafayette and Washington.

Voices of Nature.

Tyre, or the End of Pride.

My Mary.

St Peter and the Three Spirits.

An Admonition.

Our Own Broad Land.

The Beacon.

Life's Changes.

And several Poems from J. W. Julian.

Pros Articles, which we intend to publish.

A Review, by S. M. Janney.

Address of the Free Presbyterian Church of West Alexandria.

The Homeopathic Society.

To the Democrats of the North.

Miss Edgeworth's Writings.

The Compromise of the Constitution—(T.E.) Answer of a Slaveholder of Virginia, &c.

The Durability of Poetry.

Closing Extract of an Address by J. Peck.

One or two Articles on the President's Recommendation of a F.A.C.

Education, No. 1.

Henry R. Stanton vs. Thomas Carlyle.

Love's Labor Lost.

Age of Physical Progress, &c.

Several prose and poetic articles are under consideration.

ALABAMA.—The following table shows the results of the late election in Alabama, as compared with the Cass and Taylor votes:

	Whig	Dem.	Tayor	Cass
1	4,922	4,691	4,666	3,364
2	—	—	—	—
3	—	—	—	—
4	4,945	4,665	4,139	4,039
5	3,085	*6,213	3,027	4,488
7	4,893	6,003	4,830	5,592

22,110 27,112 21,606 22,233

* In the fifth district, there were two Democratic candidates; and we set forth their aggregate vote together.

In the second district, the contest was between Hillard and Pugh, both Whigs, the latter, however, receiving the Democratic vote. Hillard was reflected by a majority of 75.

In the 6th district, two Democrats, Cobb and Clemens, were candidates, and the former was reflected by a majority of 656.

FOURTH DISTRICT, MASS.—Complete returns of the election in the 4th district, Mass., show the following comparative results in September and June:

	SUMMER.
Palfrey	—
Thompson	—
Robinson	—
JUNE	
Palfrey	4,079
Thompson	—
Robinson	1,346

Mr. Thompson, the Taylor candidate, only lacks 3,675 votes of being elected, or 236 more than in June. Robinson lacks 6,401; Palfrey, only 577.

Vermont.—The *Vermont Watchman* of Thurday has the following returns of the vote for Governor, Charles Coolidge, 26,226; Howard Wood, 23,086; Jones Clark, and scattering 3,131; majority for Coolidge, 33 votes. The same town gave 6,191 majority for Coolidge. The *Coolidge*, leaving off 6,244. Seven towns are yet to come in. These towns last year cast 711 votes, and gave 271 majority against Coolidge. He will gain part of that, leaving him 229 short of an election, according to the returns.

"GRACE GREENWOOD" is now in Boston, superintending the publication of her prose tales, by the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Co. Her numerous admirers will await with impatience its appearance. A contemporary.

"The volume is to contain a collection of her tales, and takes a series of stories evincing a power and command in the narration of incidents seldom exhibited. 'Greenwood Leaves,' the title of the new book, will, we doubt not, be as attractive and gain as much popularity as Fanny Foster's 'Alderman,' the 5th edition of which we see is advertised."

For the National Era.

LABOR.

Labor is health! to the husband reaping, How through his veins goes the life current leaping; His strong arm, in strength and skill commanding, Thus makes the swift stalks yield!

Look to you Heaven for your reward, Then let me go to earth, and work!

Reap for good seed, be it ever so slow!

Cheerish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor all labor, is noble and holy—

Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

For the National Era.

LABOR.

Labor is health! to the husband reaping,

How through his veins goes the life current leaping;

His strong arm, in strength and skill commanding,

Thus makes the swift stalks yield!

Look to you Heaven for your reward,

Then let me go to earth, and work!

Reap for good seed, be it ever so slow!

Cheerish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor all labor, is noble and holy—

Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

For the National Era.

LABOR.

Labor is health! to the husband reaping,

How through his veins goes the life current leaping;

His strong arm, in strength and skill commanding,

Thus makes the swift stalks yield!

Look to you Heaven for your reward,

Then let me go to earth, and work!

Reap for good seed, be it ever so slow!

Cheerish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor all labor, is noble and holy—

Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

For the National Era.

LABOR.

Labor is health! to the husband reaping,

How through his veins goes the life current leaping;

His strong arm, in strength and skill commanding,

Thus makes the swift stalks yield!

Look to you Heaven for your reward,

Then let me go to earth, and work!

Reap for good seed, be it ever so slow!

Cheerish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor all labor, is noble and holy—

Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

For the National Era.

LABOR.

Labor is health! to the husband reaping,

How through his veins goes the life current leaping;

His strong arm, in strength and skill commanding,

Thus makes the swift stalks yield!

Look to you Heaven for your reward,

Then let me go to earth, and work!

Reap for good seed, be it ever so slow!

Cheerish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor all labor, is noble and holy—

Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

For the National Era.

LABOR.

Labor is health! to the husband reaping,

How through his veins goes the life current leaping;

His strong arm, in strength and skill commanding,

Thus makes the swift stalks yield!

Look to you Heaven for your reward,

Then let me go to earth, and work!

Reap for good seed, be it ever so slow!

Cheerish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor all labor, is noble and holy—

THE NATIONAL ERA.
CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ERA.

LETTERS FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

LYNN, MASS., Sept. 15, 1849.

DEAR DR. BAILEY: I have been taking mine ease so indolently and thoughtlessly for some time past, that I fear I am now not only out of the habit, but out of the spirit of writing. Since I wrote you last, I have been wandering about like a Zingaree, now here, now there, and nowhere very long. One week I spent delightfully with some friends in Salem. I shall not soon forget that visit, nor those whose society and kind attention rendered it so agreeable. Our moonlight stroll through the magnificent common—our morning ride, and the beautiful bay I rode! When shall I cease to think pleasantly and gratefully of these things?

During my visit, I accompanied my friends to the East India Museum—by far the most interesting collection of curiosities I have ever seen.

There is one object, in particular, about which I can never cease to wonder. This is a round box, some three inches in diameter, each half of which contains a hundred figures, carved out of the wood, yet not detached. These you are obliged to examine through a magnifying glass. It is said to have been the work of a monk, and is designed as a representation of Heaven and Hell. It is wonderful to see how much of the divine and the devilish can be put into faces no larger than pin-heads. Of course there are a thousand other curious and interesting things to be seen, but the carved box is evidently the especial pride of the courteous old gentleman who for so many years has had charge of this valuable Museum.

Last week I spent most pleasantly with my friends in Amesbury. Here I at once flung aside all care, and as much as possible the thought and memory of labor, and resigned myself to be easy and comfortable, after the manner of one who, afflicted with indolence the natural way, submits to the dispensation with exemplary patience and fortitude.

Here to our walks and rides and boating belonged a new and peculiar interest, from the pleasantest Puritan associations—from the ground having been made classic as the scene of much which the gentle Margaret Smith has recorded in her exquisite "Journal." How was the heart stirred by such names as Newbury, "on ye Merrimack," Agawam, the Isles of Shoals, the Apennines—and how with the gaze of a pilgrim did the eye linger on every sight and scene touched upon by the graphic and graceful pen of the lovely Puritan.

But independent of associations historical, poetical, and romantic, the scenery along and near the Merrimack is certainly very striking and beautiful; and were I a tourist for pleasure, a pilgrim of the picturesque, I should most assuredly follow up that river. I recollect one private residence on its banks, not far from Amesbury, which we visited, and which struck me as quite the loveliest place I had ever seen. One happy circumstance I there observed: the dwellers in this quiet little Eden were gifted with taste and feeling, and with a love of loveliness, and free from all affection of indolence, freely acknowledged their great good fortune, in being so richly endowed with the beauties of water and woodland, hill-side and glen.

It was really charming to mark the fresh, earnest, and frank manner in which spoke their beloved home, and its delightful surroundings. One sunshiny afternoon we crossed the river in a little row-boat, and made a memorable excursion to the "Devil's Den." This pokerish place, a little cove, or rather hollow in the rocks, I entered boldly, with a presentiment of a perfectly good conscience, (as consciousness goes) and returned safely, having sustained no injury, save the loss of a small portion of my dress, torn quite out by a sharp projection of the rock—an odd way of leaving my peace with the oldest inhabitant!—the water being so shallow, and the streets so narrow, He was fain to bring his wife on a wharborow."

There was the deep, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

It was the last, distinct impression of the last summer's scenes, and the infernal impetus across the top, and down the sides of the rock and, my friend, I could not bear to look at him again. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had now my favorite sport, fishing, while I was at Amesbury, and my infernal